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ANNALS  
OF THE  
CITY OF TRENTON,  
WITH  
RANDOM REMARKS  
AND  
HISTORIC REMINISCENCES,  
BY  
C. C. HAVEN.

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TRENTON, N. J.:  
PRINTED AT THE "STATE GAZETTE" OFFICE.

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## PREFACE.

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THE four numbers composing the following essay, were printed under the signature of SENEX, in the "State Gazette." That title, which truly represents a very old man, well known in this city, and indulged with speaking his sentiments frankly, is now, out of deference to the public, withdrawn, and his own name substituted instead.

Some apology may well be thought requisite for doing this, and for publishing his familiar suggestions and personal allusions in connection with a compilation manifestly so incomplete. But several of his friends, knowing the want of some index to the historic localities and other celebrities of the Capital of New Jersey, have requested him to put his cursory communications in a more substantial form. He has therefore consented to do so, with some additions and alterations; and imperfect as the same may be, (although he has solicited from the public any correction of his errors or omissions), he ventures to hope that the publication of this little manual may assist strangers and the rising generation in tracing the footsteps of Washington and his more than Spartan band, who saved the life of our young Republic on the banks of the Delaware and Assunpink, in what Mr. Bancroft calls "the wonderful days in New Jersey."

The pamphlet is now respectfully submitted by the writer to his New Jersey fellow-citizens, with the confidence of an octogenarian who has spent one-fourth of his life happily among them, and who still hopes to leave the shade of his name among the obscurities of LITTLEWORTH, "however evil spies may have misrepresented it."

C. C. H.

## THE CITY OF TRENTON.

### NO. I.

The interesting annals and historical associations of American towns do not seem to attract that attention which is given to the "Homes of England," and many venerable localities in other countries in Europe. In New England, it is true, around Boston especially (jocosely called "the hub of creation"), there are some privileged communities that possess "a local habitation and a name." Salem, for instance, famed for its witch infatuation and early wealth—Charlestown, for being burnt in 1775; for its Navy Yard, the birth place of and Ironsides—and the Monument, on that Bunker Hill, once claimed by the boasting Britons, but which is now ours, and, we trust, will be Freedom's home forever—of Cambridge, where Harvard's time-honored name shines throughout our own and other lands—of Portsmouth, the once courtly Capital of New Hampshire, where the magnificent Wentworths lived in royal state until the revolutionary ball was there first set in motion, by taking the King's cannon and ammunition, and where afterwards powder was made to fight for Independence—of Falmouth, now Portland, cruelly destroyed and burnt by the British in 1775, but being beautifully built up, is now again rendered still more memorable by the terrible conflagration on the 4th of July, destroying over two thousand houses and ten millions of property—of Providence, Rhode Island, where religious liberty and freedom of conscience first found a home in the world, through the determined zeal of Roger Williams.

But these, and a few others, are exceptions to the common practice in other parts of the country. In a general way, we Americans are so constantly engaged in solving the problem of

perpetual motion, riding on the fly-wheel of progress in search of universal perfection, we have no time to think of posting up current events, much less to gather up details of the past. We know no such word as "*stop!*" nor is the multiple yet discovered by which to calculate the maximum of our progress in anything.

TRENTON, the capital of New Jersey, was once called *Littleworth*, or a *place of little worth*, and its annals, perhaps on this account, have received but little attention. At least it must be admitted that the native residents have neglected them, although some, unwilling to approve such neglect, whilst "not to the manner born," have collected a few facts and details about churches and the battle-fields, which may have gratified antiquarians, but their publications have now a quiet resting place in libraries and historical societies.

BUT LITTLEWORTH, nevertheless, has now become, or is about to become, a place worthy to be better known, as well as the State to which it appertains. Like all rival communities, the citizens of New Jersey must have a share in good report and evil report. But Trenton, situated between two big States, too much warped, abused and corrupted by both, has lacked that social union and progressive power which the French call "*esprit du corps*," and its citizens, instead of pulling all together "*omnes simul*" for the benefit of the city and the State, have too often pulled all apart, preferring individual selfishness or party trammels to their own honor and interest. Outside influences, too, have aggravated this evil. Some of our richest citizens, not uniting their means with others for the common good, or, perhaps, not encouraged sufficiently to embark their fortunes in home enterprises, have been lured to desert their own heritage, affluent with natural advantages, to invest their capital in foreign speculations or encroaching monopolies, thus allowing New Jersey to be "the butt tapped at both ends."

Ought this to be so any longer? Shall corruption and servility continue to be our bane and no antidote be found powerful and independent enough to arrest them? Thank God! there is an entering wedge just discovered by the grand inquest of the county, which may be the means of restoring per-



sonal respect and the dignity of our Legislative halls above corruption and treachery, and, we doubt not, there is virtue enough in our Courts to drive this wedge home. If this is done, New Jersey, with Trenton as her Metropolis, or chief city, may become a model State, unrivalled in local position, climate and the elements for prosperous enterprise and worthy of her historic fame. We trust the time is not distant when she will exhibit one continuous *prima via*, dotted with villas, extending from New York to Philadelphia, forming the desired union chain of intercourse between the Northern and Southern States, invaluable to them and fulfilling faithfully the mission so happily allotted to us. Few cities can boast of a clearer, fairer title to her birth-right than Trenton, or of worthier ancestors. Its first proprietors were Friends, of the William Penn stock. These were afterwards joined by Puritans of the New England pioneers, Scotch and Irish Protestants, with a few Swedish and German immigrants.

Mahlon Stacy, when he, in the year 1680, or thereabouts, commenced a settlement of eight hundred acres, extending from the Falls of the Delaware, so called, eastward, on both sides of our little Assunpink, designated this spot then "A MOST BRAVE PLACE, whatever envy, or *evil spies* may speak of it"—it was a prophesy, in two particulars!

First: "Evil spies," the barbarous Hesssians—and home spies like them since—have continued to defame and corrupt it; but

Secondly: What BRAVER spot can be named in our country's history than that on which a Washington and his brave comrades TWICE vanquished the boasting Britons and their hireling hosts; recovering and securing our National independence when it was seemingly within the clutch of our inexorable foes?

Again, when Mahlon Stacy, the veteran pioneer, sold out his 800 acres to the rich and enterprising Colonel or Chief Justice William Trent, after whom Trent-town or Trenton took its name, about the year 1720, or perhaps a few years before, there were difficulties to contend with, which retarded the early settlement of the town; but it still continued to grow slowly whilst under British rule and during the American revolution. When

this broke out, however, getting rid of its tory Governor and many of the "evil spies" that infested the place, although not all, it took its early and decided position in favor of independence, and under the lead of the brave and freedom-loving Livingston, the Chief Magistrate under the new government, Trenton won an undying reputation which her sons may be proud to cherish. She seemed in that day like a city set upon a hill, where the watchfires of Freedom were re-kindled from the beacon light which here suddenly flashed its reviving beams over the country in danger's darkest hour. Our fathers saw that the flag was "still there." Its stars told of a victory unlooked for. History to this day has no more cherished memories in connection with the wonderful days of the revolution than those that gather around Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth. Nor did Washington's fame ever shine out more conspicuously than it did in the battles gained in these three places. Trenton, especially, he never could forget. When in 1789, he passed over the Assunpink bridge, greeted with the congratulatory song of the Matrons and Maidens, scattering flowers in his path, it is said, tears of gratitude to God, as well as to those who then gratefully "welcomed the mighty chief once more" were seen glistening in his eyes, and he afterwards wrote to them, stating that the contrast between their reception of him and his former situation there, was so wonderful, that he should ever remember it with grateful emotion.

Not to dwell, however, on these delightful historic reminiscences, quoted from memory and probably not reported verbatim, we will here just mention, incidentally, that the bridge above alluded to was that at the end of Greene street. There was no other in Trenton, in 1776, leading to Bordentown or Philadelphia. The other bridges of the Assunpink have all been built since, and the two bridges over the Delaware also. What we now call the old bridge of 1000 feet in length, over which the rail tracks are laid, was constructed between the years of 1801 and 1806, and the new bridge at the end of State street was finished in 1861. Washington's Crossing bridge, as it is now called, is about eight miles further up the Delaware, once well known as McKonky's ferry.



Let us now briefly allude to Trenton after the war. It was crippled and almost exhausted—without money, without commerce, and for ten years, until credit and enterprise were revived by the Bank of the United States, it made little or no progress. To be sure, it had a good name and was so much esteemed for its healthy locality, that it had a fair chance of being chosen as the Capital of the United States.

It is not our intention, however, to write its history, nor have we space for details about the compromise which prevented our goodly city from being the metropolis of the country. Let those who are curious in these matters and the battles in New Jersey, and other interesting annals, consult Dr. Hall's History of the Presbyterian Church, Barber and Howe's History, and an humble essay called "Washington and his Army," published by the Philosophical Society in this city in 1856, all of which may be found in our State and City Libraries, and may interest some who can bear to mix a little of the past with a plenty of the present, and more of the future.

We know what an absorbing interest the late gigantic war has awakened; but the success which attended it was the result of principles and virtues instilled into the people by the Fathers of our Republic. Let some remembrance be given them, at least on New Jersey soil!

We will venture, at any rate, to beseech all Trentonians not to affect a veneration for God and religion, if they have none for humanity, their country, or their ancestors. Let our young men and young women especially, the teachers in our schools, also, as well as parents, take more interest in the annals and associations of the places where they live. Here in Trenton, strangers are frequently perplexed to find a guide, or a guide-book, to give them the information they seek. Very few persons know anything about the celebrities of Trenton—not even where the battles were fought, or the names of the brave officers who were engaged in saving the cause of our National Independence on this hallowed spot. Surely, whilst our State is liberally founding schools, seminaries and institutes, to teach children all about the Indians and the Esquimaux, Kamschatka, Hindostan, and other foreign subjects, deemed necessary to a complete course of

education, some little attention ought to be bestowed upon events and distinguished characters, that travellers come here to inquire about.\*

\* Towards the banks of the beautiful and classic Delaware many a distinguished foreigner has turned his attention, as a resting place from the troubled scenes of life, in search of a peaceful home. In Bucks county, Pennsylvania, opposite Trenton, William Penn chose his manor, and there, to this day, are preserved some parts of the mansion in which he formerly dwelt. In that retired neighborhood, also, was the country seat of the noble but unfortunate Robert Morris, the friend of Washington and of our infant Republic, in its early and most desperate financial struggles; when, but for him, our army could not have been held in service to secure the decisive advantages made in this vicinity, as stated in our annals. Here, in the streets of Trenton, too, was often met the former King of Spain, Joseph Buonaparte, who, it is said, first sought a residence here, but eventually settled at Bordentown. Here, too, was afterwards and very often to be seen, the needy Prince Murat, merrily driving a wagon or go-cart, but now keeping his creditors at a distance by his magnificent courtesies to them in his present regal elevation. Here, too, a greater and nobler personage might often be met with, crossing over the then new Delaware bridge, leading into Trenton, in sportsman's garb, or appareled like a French gentleman of the old school, the great General Moreau, living then at Morrisville. He was once the rival in arms of Napoleon, the First Consul of France, but a victim to ambitious jealousy, and afterwards a martyr to his country, when invited by the Emperor Alexander, and Bernadotte, King of Sweden, to join the allied forces for the rescue of France from the Emperor's selfish ambition. He has been censured for this act; but, in the opinion of the writer, who met him on his landing in Sweden, in 1813, no purer patriot had France at that time—no truer friend had freedom, the rights of man and high national principles anywhere than were manifest in General Moreau. On being informed by the writer that Buonaparte, after having been driven out of Russia, had returned in the summer of 1813, and had fought the battles of Leutzen and Bautzen, and lost a great many of his men and many brave generals, he exclaimed, with uplifted hands: "My God, sir, this man, if left to follow his own ambition, will not leave a single drop of French blood in the country." Soon after he lost his life, by the side of the Emperor Alexander, on the field of Dresden, leaving France to be desolated by his defeated rival, to be twice banished, and to die at last a miserable victim to unprincipled ambition at St. Helena.

## No. II.

During the first thirty years of the present century Trenton, like many other small capitals, partook of the changing fortunes of the times. Its population, including South Trenton, did not number one-fourth of the inhabitants it now contains. In 1840, according to Barber and Howe's report, it had only 4,935 inhabitants, and including the borough, about 6,000 persons. The larger cities on each side of it were flourishing, and the States south and west absorbed numbers of its most enterprising sons, giving new settlements a healthy and vigorous growth, which the old stock could not but feel as a sensible drawback. The writer's first recollection of Trenton dates back to 1810. The introduction of steamboat navigation on the Delaware up to Bordentown, gave a new impulse to travelling; but at that time, such was the shocking state of the roads, it used frequently to take the better part of two days to make the journey from Philadelphia to New York, although before the Revolution the wonderful Stage Wagon, modestly called "flying machines," proffered to carry passengers through from city to city *in two days*. The transportation through New Jersey then was certainly more of an agony than it is now. With some people improvements never go fast enough. Unless they can mount a little higher than the topmost round of the ladder, progress is deemed an impostor. But progress had already left its footprints on the soil of the city below the Falls of the Delaware and along both sides of the Assumpink. Even before the last century closed, new churches sprang up and old ones were remodeled and improved. New houses took the places of old ones. Now and then a mud shanty, like the Pike House, lately demolished, disappeared, and a new one, like Dr. Samuel Henry's, placed at the end of East State street, and now in ruins, was erected, to feed the growing taste for improvement and to pamper the *amour propre* of the proprietor. Of the Pike House we can say but little, only that it belonged once to a worthy owner, but was built no one knows when, or by whom; yet, although a mud edifice, the honest industry of its male and female occupants would put to shame the idle luxury and proud pretensions of many a millionaire at the



present time, much as they try to make big palaces essentially requisite for happy homes. Nobody will, however, envy or say aught against the noble, generous, honest man because his house is large or small. We could name men in this city whom the humblest of our people rejoice to see enjoying their public spirit, Christian philanthropy and modest self-esteem, living in large mansions. They pass by no man that does not greet them or wish them God speed. We wish there were more of these American noblemen ; but rubies are rare everywhere.

The Henry House alluded to has a little peculiar history of some interest. It is said that it was built directly at the end of State street, to prevent the extension of that street to the Assunpink, and there with various alterations and sundry tenants, it has stood like a feudal fortress in the centre of a most beautiful park, until the last owner, Mr. Perdicaris, has finally consented to remove it. The street is now open, a county bridge of solid construction is thrown over the creek, and beautiful sites for new houses can be secured in a healthy and improved part of the town. Other parts of our city are eminently desirable for elegant and comfortable residences and business localities ; but East State street, as it is now extended into the country, in the vicinity of the new depot, with the horse rail cars passing through it to the hotels and the Delaware, running by the Cottages and the venerable row of trees planted early in this century by Charles Higbie, Esq., and the Fourth Presbyterian Church, a structure unsurpassed in this State as a model of architectural beauty, present a combination of advantages and scenic attractions which insure advanced improvements in that quarter of the city. Travellers entering the town often stop at the corner of State and Clinton streets, and are struck with admiration, bordering on surprise, to see such charming residences and picturesque scenery in Trenton ; and if they extend their walk up Clinton street to the Normal and Model School buildings, and elegant private mansions and shady walks, and then take a view of the numerous Potteries the new Lock Factory, and other great improvements in that part of the town, principally planned and expedited by a few public spirited citizens, (one among the number pre-eminent for his liberality and perseverance), their aston-

ishment is unbounded. They go away charmed with Trenton, in spite of what "evil spies or envious tongues" may have said of it.

We must omit writing out the details of various alterations and improvements in other parts of the town during the first quarter of this century. They showed some progress; many beautiful houses and some few stores were built in the western part of the town and in South Trenton; but until 1830 trade languished, and except as a transit town and a fishing place, the Capital had not much to give it celebrity, although it was at "the head of navigation." Its State, legislative and judicial advantages, secured to it some eminence, and its religious characteristics were always orthodox, we presume, although of divers professions. To strangers passing through it, however, it had a woe-begone look, especially during the times of the embargo, non-intercourse, and the war of 1812, and for some years after. We once heard the State called a "God-forsaken place," but this was from an ignorant outsider, and has since proved a scandal.

In the prosperous decade of our country's annals, reaching from 1820 to 1830, Trenton began to have some attention paid to her situation, as one of the connecting links of travel and transportation between New York and Philadelphia. Politically that period was the peaceful and palmy era of our rising Republic. James Monroe, one of the young heroes who was wounded in capturing the cannon of the Hessians here, and John Quincy Adams, the patriotic pioneer of emancipation, were then Presidents of the United States, and General Lafayette was our guest. Commerce, Agriculture and the Fisheries were flourishing, and our now great manufacturing interest, aided by the discovery and use of coal and steam power, gave new impulses and energies to our laboring population and affluent citizens. Anthracite coal was first used here in 1820. But the needed supply for consumption and for manufacturing purposes was secured afterwards by the Belvidere Railroad Company. The first railway in this country, as far as the knowledge of the writer can testify, was erected in the year 1825, at Nashua, N. H. It was made of wood plated with iron, and used to carry earth from a hill called Indian Head, to form the foundations of the buildings erected there, and afterwards another railway of iron was used inside

the factory. This small expedient to save manual labor preceded the granite railway at Quincy.

The introduction of the first great railroad by steam power in this State began to be talked of prior to 1830, and was commenced soon after that, when a new era of interest and responsibility dawned upon New Jersey, in which the chief citizens of Trenton and Princeton, as well as capitalists out of the State, were deeply concerned. The building of the great canal running through our city followed. The construction of the aqueduct over the Assunpink took place in 1832. Then came the competition and the trial between the Railroad and Canal steam powers, and the buying and selling out, the share owning and stock jobbing, and final amalgamation of the interests of the great monopoly, which has ever since been a power in the State of Herculean influence. Trenton has been the theatre of its battles and its triumphs; but it is not our province to give even an opinion whether the interest and prosperity of the State have been advanced or retarded by it. Men differ, and they have a right to differ; but whether they have a right to defraud themselves and commit suicide upon their own integrity and independence, is another matter. Old as we are, we may be called *queer* to think that honesty is the best policy, for a State as well as a people. At all events we never want to see "the wicked prize buy out the law," nor "offence's gilded hand to shove by justice." We know what New Jersey and Trenton were in 1832. We know what they are now; but do we know what they would be if the Canals and Railroads then chartered had never been secured by a monopoly? For ourselves we had rather uphold the monopoly than the *ring* that is supposed to sustain it. That, and all other *rings* which tamper with legislative responsibility, and the rights and franchises of the people, we consider nothing less than treason, making our independence the basest kind of slavery, and popular sovereignty a humbug.

About the time these great works were commenced, capital was liberally directed towards them. The United States Bank discounted very freely at low interest. It scattered its paper broakfast through the land. The damming of the Delaware was projected and the water power was built, and about the same



time the State Penitentiary was constructed. For a short time things went on prosperously here and elsewhere. But the sudden contraction of discounts by the bank and its quarrel with the Government, and removal of its deposits by General Jackson, paralyzed enterprise and confidence everywhere. The water power speculation was a complete failure. It was a severe blow to many of our citizens, and checked the growth of business which was expected from its success. Until 1838 there was but little done here. Then Mercer county was set off from Hunterdon and Burlington, and the Court House was built in South Trenton, and soon afterwards, in 1839, the cottages were built in the eastern end of Second street (now State), below the old depot, where the canal crosses it, and the First Presbyterian Church was also altered and rebuilt. These improvements added beauty to the street, and in 1846 the old market houses were removed out of it into Greene street, and the old capitol building being altered and crowned with its superb dome and ornamented with pillars and other improvements, by Mr. Notman, the architect, State street became the principal avenue to the Delaware, upon which many elegant mansions were situated, and began to be the leading business street which it now is.

These changes took place between 1840 and 1847. A season of dullness in trade and suspension of enterprise followed; but after the year 1847, the low rate of real estate, and advantageous offers being made of the water power and other manufacturing advantages, foreign capitalists were tempted to invest their funds here. Among others, one of the most distinguished, worthy and wealthy citizens of New York, Peter Cooper, Esq., and some of his associates, established the large Foundry, Rolling and Wire Mills here. Several other valuable works were also started soon after by our esteemed townsman, John A. Roebling, Esq., (the well-known builder of the Niagara Falls Bridge), and other citizens, and Trenton then took a rapid forward move as a thriving and flourishing city; bidding fair, with her unrivalled position for manufacturing, with cheap motive power and facilities for transportation, cheap labor and building materials, and good markets, to go ahead of any other place in population, industry and prosperity. With fourteen thriving

Potteries now in operation, and the new Lock Factory and established Foundries, Cotton and Woolen, India Rubber and other Works, and various Mills in operation; her new Bank and new Public Hall, and many other new houses and stores going up, and her celebrated State, City and Private Schools and Libraries, her enlarged and admirable Asylum, Agricultural Society, and the Soldiers' Children's Home, and other beneficent institutions, with the advantages, too, she derives from being the Capital of the State; lighted by gas, and having an abundant supply of the best water, Trenton cannot fail to be a populous and thriving city. She ought to have the advantages of the water power of the Delaware, to rival the manufacturing privileges on the Merrimac and other inferior rivers, and set more than one hundred thousand spindles in motion; but if she is barred from this benefit through any bribery and corruption to gratify a few unreasonable shad fishermen and raftmen, who need not be injured by what is wanted to be done, she must get along with the coal, clay and iron facilities she has, and wait until a wise and independent Legislature will give her her rights.

We find here, with all our crowding and condensing, we must have two more numbers to do justice to our subject.

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### NO. III.

Before proceeding further with our random reminiscences and suggestions, we ask permission to correct an erroneous impression we are called upon to explain, in regard to an incidental remark made in our last number. It is therein stated that "the characteristics of the churches were orthodox, we presume, although of diverse professions." This presumption we supposed correct, and liberal enough in the sense we understand the term "orthodox" to mean, viz.: right religious faith and practice; or, sound practical belief in religion conscientiously maintained, whether professed or not. This denominational description of the characteristics of the churches, we thought orthodox enough

for them; but we did not mean that they only were such. There is a most respectable number of Christian Friends, or Quakers, here, who may all be entitled to be considered orthodox, sound in faith and practice. There is, or has been, a society of Universalists. There are many Unitarians, devoted worshippers of God and believers in Jesus Christ as the son of God, and in the Holy Spirit, proceeding (according to the belief of the early fathers) from the Father and the Son, but whose creed is personal, not dogmatic nor ritualistic, as most other respectable denominations adhere to. There are also among us religious Israelites, who do not believe in Christian doctrines, however correct in their practice of the Mosaic theology; and besides these, there are some members of the Greek Church; believers in Swedenborgianism; and perhaps of other peculiar and private views of religious truths.

Now, if all those whom we presumed to be conscientious and sincere believers in the religion they profess, are to be placed outside the pale of "orthodoxy," then, we confess, we were in error. It is an important subject, however, and as chroniclers of facts, accustomed to give true statements, we may be pardoned for giving our own corrections as well as convictions of what seems right. Truth invites investigation and should have no terrors. We venerate and would preserve truths that are time-honored. But the world moves.

Stolid bigotry and moss-covered error must yield to the acknowledged verities of enlightened science, as the use of smoked glass in astronomical observations has given place to telescopic discoveries. The Puritans of New England, and those settled here, thought themselves *orthodox*—sound in faith and practice; so did all other founders of sects here. New Jersey was called "the cradle of Presbyterianism!" But the Bible is still our standard, as it was theirs; and the New Testament, full of truth and independence, teaches, "let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind;" and if we follow the "new light that is come into the world," is not that orthodox? What brought our fathers to this country when they landed "on the wild New England shore?" Was it not

"Freedom to worship God?"



Now then, with all the new light and true freedom we their sons can boast of, let us—whilst rejecting their errors, and venerating their virtues, their Christian independence, their patriotic principles, and above all their respect for God and human rights—maintain for ourselves some sound religion. “in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace.”\*

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\* Deep reflection has led the writer of the foregoing explanation to apprehend that such sentiments from a layman may be considered out of place, if not presumptuous. But, as an annalist he cannot so account them. He is trying to give a life-like sketch of the city of Trenton, from its infancy to the present time. The religious phases of the community, then and now, surely should form a part of the portrait. Have not their lineaments during this period been essentially changed? The age has become progressive. Even the Puritan standard, “*Freedom to worship God*,” was not admitted as an article obligatory in our national Constitution, but all religious tests were nominally excluded, although oaths have been sworn to, and rendered very generally requisite, as giving religious sanctions to enforce political fidelity and security. But this enlarged liberty of popular belief—this constitutional freedom from any particular theological orthodoxy, so far from being held a grievance by our enlightened community, is now esteemed the crowning glory and blessing of our Republic—not a foe, but a security to true religion. God is still FREELY worshipped by us, although neither Abraham, nor the Levitical, nor any other hierarchy may acknowledge us. As Mr. Choate said, we can have “a Church without a Bishop, a State without a King!” God’s kingdom is not delayed: it is advancing. The gates of Freedom are gladly lifted up to let it in. Washington, in his first and all succeeding inaugurals, reverently acknowledged God and His Providence as the source of all our blessings. So have succeeding Presidents. Infidelity is not the special crime of the people of this country, incident to free belief, however sects called orthodox may attempt to fasten it on all others but their own. No! Progressive improvement is the law of the land, in practice if not in the letter of the Constitution. Stolidity and bigotry cannot stop it. It will be eclectic in everything, and, with increasing intelligence, and the Bible our text book, open to all to understand and practice its teachings conscientiously, truth must be predominant. Opposition to this free course is the only infidelity to be dreaded. Stop this opposition, and Christianity is as sure to advance as the light at day dawn—a true, liberal, rational Christianity, however,—not a forced jumble of contradictions—not a reasonless formulary, whose Shiboleth is not to be found in the Bible—not a doctrine denouncing reason, and demanding belief in a mystery which its professed teachers confess they cannot understand—a creed which rational Christians and honest heathens revolt at,—no such contrivances as these, however sanctioned by Princes or Prelates in other countries, or by an exclusive monopoly claiming to be orthodox here, can ever succeed in this enlightened land. The genius of our age and institutions is against them.

Returning now to our narrative, warmed by the cheering contemplation of the religious, moral and thriving character of Trenton, and the happy homes which our citizens might enjoy here, if they would only value them as they ought to do, we propose now to allude to a few more old mansions and memorable spots, and tell a few anecdotes in connection with the Revolutionary war, General Washington, General Anderson and his father, and our late beloved President Lincoln, which we hope, may serve for table-talk on our approaching National and other anniversaries. Could our young folks feel as much interest in the localities of the city and the events which occurred here as the distinguished men named above have done, and historians and patriots all over the land now do, they would prize these heroes and their homes as the Greeks did Marathon and Thermopylæ, and their galaxy of great men which yet remain fixed stars in history.

The old Potts house in Warren street, facing Perry, removed a few years ago, to make room for Dr. Quick's large mansion, on the spot where the first battle, December 26th, began, and where Colonel Rahl died, has been often visited and described by the writer. Here were the headquarters of the Hessians, and it is said that their commander was warned by the British General *Grant* that he would be attacked on Christmas night by *the rebels*, as *our* troops were then called.

As briefly as possible, let us sketch the time and position of

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But when a true evangelism, beginning with a supremé God of the universe, the Father of a human race, placed in the little world we inhabit, endowed by Him with mortal and immortal natures for probationary purposes, with faculties to choose between good and evil, and responsible for the right use of them—and when in consideration of the frailty of these natures, a loving Father has given us a guide and a pattern in human form, divinely empowered to do his will and to teach us the way to Heaven, by striving to follow his example, which is “the way, the truth and the life.” and with consciences, or His Spirit witnessing within us, warning us to avoid ruining our happiness here and hereafter by warring against Him and our fellow beings, like traitors, expecting pardon and forgiveness without repentance or reformation,—when the trial of such an evangelism as this shall be practised. and become the missionary work of our land and among the benighted heathen, then it may be hoped that the Millenium will no longer be deemed an incredible myth.

the contending forces, when this eventful first battle of Trenton took place. At the close of the disastrous year 1776, Washington with his skeleton army, reduced from over 25,000 to less than 2500 effective troops, had taken refuge on the west side of the Delaware. Doubt and almost despair shrouded our cause. General Sir William Howe, was at New York, Lord Cornwallis preparing to go to England, with the triumphant news that the rebellion was quelled. Tories and pardoned turn-coats flaunted their red badges like autumn's melancholy leaves, along the dreary roads of New Jersey. Colonel Rahl and Count Donop with about 5,000 hired Hessians were posted along the eastern and southern sides of the Delaware—a rude, licentious set of spies and detectives, waiting for the Delaware to be bridged over with ice, to strike the finishing blow that would end our Independence in Philadelphia, where it was declared. Congress had adjourned to Baltimore.

Thus matters stood in December, 1776. On Christmas morning, no holiday cheering in happy homes—no salute of guns in camp, ushered in that festival; but the early mustering tramp of worn out veterans, moving silently towards the freezing Delaware, was witnessed in three directions: Washington's corps, from Newtown towards McKonkey's ferry; Ewings, towards the ferry opposite Trenton; and Cadwalader's, from Bristol in the afternoon, towards Burlington. The two latter could not reach their destination, owing to the running ice. Washington alone succeeded in crossing during the night, and on the morning of the 26th, as is familiarly known in history, he and his brave comrades, cheerfully buffeting ice, snow, fatigue and danger, accomplished a surprise of about one thousand Hessians, and then enjoying a holiday here, marched back to the ferry and re-crossed into Pennsylvania, with their well-earned spoils and undying laurels; reviving the forlorn fortunes of our young country, which, in a week after, were secured in the battles on the As-sunpink and at Princeton.\*

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\* It has been a subject of some uncertainty, but of much interest to Trentonians, how and where the Hessians were captured. We will here give a condensed account of the result of our critical investigation of the historical and local statements of this most important event. When the two divisions



In these engagements Washington acknowledged a Providential influence. What we are now about to record, from information accurately investigated, and published by us before, seems

of Washington's army entered the town, about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 26th of December, 1776, Colonel Rahl's forces were off their guard and much scattered. It was Washington's design to entrap them, as well as all the British forces at Mount Holly and elsewhere under Colonel Dunop; but the failure of Ewing's and Cadwalader's two detachments of our army to get across the Delaware, defeated a part of this bold and complete plan. Washington, on arriving at the entrance of the town where Warren and Greene streets (then King and Queen) unite, came down Warren with his artillery and the greater part of his division, which had entered by the Pennington road, but he sent a detachment under Colonel Hand down Greene street to prevent the enemy from escaping to Princeton.

The first conflict with the main part of the Hessians who were endeavoring to form into a line with a battery took place near the head of Warren street, where Captain William Washington (afterwards the distinguished partisan officer) and Lieutenant Monroe (the future President of the United States) were successful, with a few brave men, in capturing two of the enemy's guns, which were afterwards turned upon them. Thus repulsed they scattered and ran across to Greene street. General Sullivan's division, with Stark in the advance, had rushed through Willow street and along Front towards the bridge that crossed the Assunpink at the foot of Greene street. Only the dragoons and a few light horse escaped over it towards Bordentown. The Hessians had to turn back in that quarter, and with Colonel Rahl's other forces, whom he was trying to form into something like a line, were forced back by Washington's division, and finally huddled together in an old apple orchard which extended from Academy and Hanover streets, towards where the Canal now is, and eastwards to the Assunpink. Here, between Montgomery and Stockton streets, east of the old Quaker Church, Washington was about directing, in person, a discharge of cannister shot from Morgan's battery upon the disordered and bewildered Hessians, whose commander had been mortally wounded, when, according to General Wilkinson, who was a witness of the morning's encounter, Captain Morgan told Washington they had *struck!* Their colors were down, and they had grounded their arms. Raising his arms and being satisfied of the fact, he exclaimed, "Why so they have," and galloped towards them. The bleeding and vanquished Colonel Rahl, no longer the dreaded master of this important post, but unhorsed and dying, gave up his sword to General Washington, at that moment pre-eminently the savior of his country.

Americans! imagine his emotions at that exciting and auspicious event. Success had seemed to have abandoned the proud cause for which he had risked his life, his fortune, and his fame; and instead of disastrous battles and almost hopeless retreats ever since he had left New England, here was his first signal triumph to reward him for his brave perseverance, and his

to confirm Washington's opinion, and may be thought interesting enough to be included in the Annals of Trenton.

Colonel Rahl, with three regiments of Hessians and a company of British light horsemen, had two warnings sent him; one, that he would be attacked on Christmas day, as before alluded to, and the other by some tory, probably from up the river, announcing Washington's crossing at McKonkey's ferry. Both failed of their design. The first was defeated in this wise: The particulars were obtained by the writer from the Potts family and General Anderson, of glorious Fort Sumter fame, and Lars Anderson, Esq., of Cincinnati, sons of the distinguished hero of our narrative, Captain Richard Clough Anderson, of Kentucky, serving in Scott's Virginia regiment during the old war.

Colonel Rahl was a brave, jovial officer, fond of music, wine, hot whiskey punch, and card playing. Stacey Potts, a Quaker, who was his host, was no card player and no Tory, but still a non-combatant, of course; yet good for a game of chequers, or fox and geese, with an enemy, even when concealing Mr. Lanning, the Whig spy who piloted our army down the Pennington road on the 26th of December. It is stated that Col. Rahl, after waiting all day on the look out for the enemy, was playing a game of Fox and Geese, or Chequers, with his loyal-like host, when an alarm from the outskirts of the

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comrades for their long enduring sufferings, fidelity and patriotism. Imagine the heartfelt burst of exultation Washington and the brave band with him felt at that ecstatic moment. From "Freedom's dying embers" here were again rekindled those altar fires over our happy land which have spread their beacon lights throughout the world—lights which no campaign of disasters can now extinguish, and no succeeding glory can eclipse. In the inspired language of our Trenton poetess (Mrs. Ellen Clementine Howarth), we will gratefully give expression to our own feelings. Let Jersey's sons and daughters be no longer unmindful of their monumental duty, but erect a suitable Cenotaph on the consecrated ground here best suited for it.

To place his statue where the beams of morning  
 Shall earliest kiss his brow;  
 Where he who led the hope of freedom's dawning  
 May herald sunrise now!  
 Then build the monument—record the story,  
 And while our waters run,  
 Let the first name upon our page of glory  
 Be Washington!

566-65

town was heard, and springing up, he left his headquarters, mustered his troops, found the "out-guard" attacked, as Sir Wm. Howe reported to Lord George Germaine, and drove the enemy off, and then the next morning, he (Rahl), attacked Washington "unsuccessfully," instead of defending the village, as Sir Wm. Howe said he should have done, and lost his army and his life. This account appeared in the London Magazine of February, 1777. Gordon, the historian, says: Colonel Rahl dismissed his men to their quarters after the flurry on Christmas night, "and some got drunk." This is very probable. Mr. Potts stated that the brave Colonel never returned that night to finish the game, but next morning, after he was mortally wounded, he was brought to his house and died there.

The company of Virginia regulars before alluded to, under command of Captain Anderson, were on a scout by permission of General Stevens, but without Washington's knowledge, and approaching Trenton, on Christmas evening, attacked and wounded the picket, took their guns, and hastily marched back to join the army on its way to surprise the Hessians. They and their commander were satisfied there was no further cause of alarm and were probably off their guard although Sir Wm. Howe's report states that Colonel Rahl was advised of Washington's approach and made an unsuccessful attack upon our troops. General Washington says in his report the enemy "never made any regular stand." The surprise, however, was complete, more so, perhaps, than our General apprehended, for, it is said, he was angry with General Stevens, when Anderson's attack was told to him, fearing he had alarmed Rahl, and that his plan would be defeated. Captain Anderson, however, was afterwards complimented for his brave and well-timed manoeuvre. Washington, with many a noble general, has been free to admit

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them as we may."

Another anecdote connected with this "strange eventful history" is related on good authority, and the belief in it is quite current here. The reported statement of Mr. Potts that Col. Rahl never returned to his headquarters after he left his house on Christmas night, and Sir William Howe's belief that he was



apprised of Washington's approach, render the truth of the following story possible, if not probable :

It is said that in those times that tried men's souls, the taste of American independence did not agree with some stomachs as well as British punch and old Jamaica. In the old mansion still standing at the corner of Warren and State streets, lately occupied as a liquor store by our deceased friend Mr. Norcross, and now being converted into a wholesale apothecary store by its proprietor, S. K. Wilson, for Dr. George McDonald, there resided a respected friend of the Tories in the revolution, named Abraham Hunt. On the night of Christmas, 1776, when loyal subjects, of his most Christian Majesty, George the III, were supposed to be in the best spirits, it was natural that they should wish their British friends and allies, tempted by the gold and coppers that they would get for cutting Yankee throats, to partake of the spirits of the times, and to join in a game of brag, perhaps. Colonel Rahl, it is reported, after his great alarm was succeeded by the brilliant victory over the ragamuffin Yankees, at his outpost, could not or would not resist having a good time at Mr. Hunt's hospitable home.

"Cards, wine and dice, no Coffee-house nor Inn,  
But tea and scandal cheered the souls within!"

The wintry night was whiled away, and towards morning whist and whiskey-punch, monopolized the ring. Washington and state affairs were not thought of. The colored man in charge of the door was ordered to let no one go out or in. This was the custom of the times, as we have heard the venerable Charles Cotesworth Pinckney say, who was a General in these matters, as well as in diplomacy, when he told Talleyrand, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." Well! not to be too garrulous, we will here say the janitor obeyed orders. After midnight, Colonel Rahl being in the midst of a very interesting game of whist, a rap summoned the servant to the door, (we do not remember his name), who inquired, "who is there?" "A friend; I must speak to Colonel Rahl." "I must!" with the emphasis of Julius Cæsar, when he said, "*Veni vidi vici*," "No!" said the janitor, "I have orders to let no one in."

Now, to make the story short, which it is not, the messenger,

having a note he was ordered to deliver into the hands of Colonel Rahl, informing him that Washington was on his way down to surprise him, and having called in vain at his headquarters, had to submit to circumstances. He sent it in to him, and being delivered into the hands of the Colonel, he glanced at the superscription and thrust it into his pocket, intending to read it, but forgot it until, bleeding and dying, he was taken to his quarters, when handing out his pocket-book to Mrs. Potts, he discovered the note, and reading it, he said, with a sigh, "had I read this at Mr. Hunt's, I should not now be here."

Two reflections naturally present themselves in closing our allusions to the two wonderful occurrences which secured Washington's success in this portion of the perilous enterprise, planned by him, when both the other parts of it failed. The post of duty should never be neglected, as it was in Colonel Rahl's case, for selfish gratification, and a good cause, however hopeless, may be saved by perseverance and energy, when entrusted to a General, who, like Washington, never listened to despair, but relied steadfastly on the Providence of God.

Another number will conclude our Annals of the City of Trenton.

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#### NO. IV.

Trenton, during the holidays that followed, a week after the first battle here, was cleared of the detested Hessians and boasting Britons, but the agony was not over, and the immediate danger to Washington and his little army was only made greater by the victory he had gained over his mortified and exasperated enemy. Lord Cornwallis gave up going to England to tell His Majesty "the rebellion was quelled." He had eight thousand British troops. Leaving fifteen hundred in Princeton; posting about as many more at Maiden-head (now Lawrenceville), at the head of the remaining five thousand of his best soldiers, he marched down to Trenton on Thursday, the 2d of January, 1777, to entrap

our army, and put an end to the war. He was sure that Washington could be taken, *being on the wrong side of the river*; and the ice running furiously, there was no escape for him. Our fortunes on that eventful day, and those of all interested in the advance of freedom and human rights throughout the world, were then in the utmost peril. The hearts of many friends to the cause faltered—tories grew bolder and more numerous—and, in all respects, the crisis was a most gloomy one, although few can now realize it.

We will not repeat here what has been before alluded to and published by us, in regard to the second most important fight in Trenton, on the banks of the Assunpink, on the 2d of January, and the council of war held at General St. Clair's headquarters, (in the house now standing next to the German Lutheran Church), but we cannot omit saying in these Annals, that precisely here was the decisive action, the proud stand-point, and the most glorious reconstruction of the cause of Independence. The heroes who sat around the little table (now preserved by our friend Dr. Coleman), and achieved the rescue, rebound and triumph here, which led to the victory the next morning at Princeton, and what followed it that year in this State, deserve the brightest page in the history of the Revolution, and the undying gratitude of all Americans. If any events in the world deserve a monument, these do; but as a sequence to events so momentous, and to embrace in perpetual remembrance the equally illustrious heroes and events of our last and all our wars, let a Cenotaph, worthy of our country, be erected on the stand-point most suited to it here, by the sons and daughters of New Jersey.

In connection with this Cenotaph, which should present at its summit the crowning statue of Washington—"first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and another of the beloved and martyred Lincoln, the regenerator and emancipator of the violated popular freedom and constitutional sovereignty designed by our fathers, with a laurel wreath round his brow, covering his shattered temple, and containing on the fillet his motto,

"Freedom, Union, Peace,"

let us be allowed, as a conclusion to our humble essay, to



speaking briefly of President Lincoln's visit to Trenton before the war, and of an interview we had with him at the Sanitary Fair in Philadelphia, in behalf of the loyal ladies of this city, who presented him with a cane, made out of the arch under which Washington passed in 1789.

A public reception was given to him by our citizens, in February, 1861, in the State House, which is most feelingly and faithfully set forth in the funeral eulogy on his character by his Honor Judge Field. We witnessed personally his short visit, with his family, at the residence of our lamented Judge Dayton, one of his most distinguished friends and supporters. Providence gave to this early acquaintance and attachment of two of our most virtuous patriots, important consequences in our foreign relations.

In June, 1864, several of the loyal ladies of Trenton wished to present some suitable memorial of their admiration and grateful attachment to President Lincoln, on his visit to the Fair in Philadelphia. The writer was called upon to be the humble organ of the communication with him. Three ladies were selected as a committee, in connection with others, to present the cane and an accompanying address. It was intended to have this done personally by Mrs. Buttolph, representing the matrons, and Misses Anna Hall and Anna Shreve, in behalf of the maidens of Trenton. But in the confusion and crowd with which the President was hurried through the New Jersey department at the Fair, this failed to be done. The writer, stimulated by their great disappointment, and by his experienced assurance not to be baffled in a good cause where ladies are concerned, sought the assistance of an old friend, Caleb Cope, Esq., one of the managers, and succeeded in finding the President in the banquet room, ready to quit his repast and attend to the introduction. But the writer respectfully and earnestly begged him to continue his meal. Politely consenting to do this, he jocosely remarked that "it was best to finish one job at a time." This done, the cane and the address of the ladies were presented. He courteously received them, said he would answer the address, and cordially shaking hands with the ladies' representative, who apologized for the awkward delivery of their present, he said both

were very acceptable, and could not be better done. As the writer was not called upon to publish these delicate matters, in which his participation might appear too prominent, he has withheld them, but in connection with the annals of Trenton, he now feels at liberty to give them publicity.

## ADDRESS.

*President Lincoln* : The loyal ladies of Trenton, many of whom are descendants of those Matrons and Maidens who scattered flowers in the path of Washington, passing through the triumphal arch her sons had erected in 1789, on the memorable spot where, by the blessing of Providence, that repulse was given to Cornwallis which reversed the gloomy fortunes of the war for our national independence, have the pleasure now to present for your acceptance a Walking Cane, made of the same arch, as an humble testimonial of their love, confidence and respect which they, in common with millions of their countrymen and countrywomen, feel towards you.

Approaching, as you do, so near the character, and experiencing the trials and responsibilities of the venerated Father of our Country, most especially in unswerving fidelity to free principles and the duties with which you have been invested by a confiding people, we trust that you may find in the staff now presented you, such support and consolation as that which was felt by Washington, when the young ladies of Trenton sang to him their gratulatory welcome.

*Central Sanitary Fair,  
Philadelphia, June 6th, 1864.*

[PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S REPLY, IN HIS OWN HAND WRITING.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, }  
WASHINGTON, July 25, 1864. }

*The Loyal Ladies of Trenton, New Jersey* : At the Philadelphia Fair, about the middle of last month, a very pretty Cane, with hallowed associations, was presented to me, on your behalf, by a worthy revered gentleman, whose name, I regret to say, I cannot now remember.

Please accept my sincere thanks, which, in my many duties, I have not found time to tender sooner.

Your obt servant,

A. LINCOLN.

Here ended the communication of SENEX in the State Gazette. But the writer felt that his work was unfinished. His voluntary offering was incomplete and might be objected to as inaccurate and inefficient. He, therefore, in the Gazette of the 18th July announced his intended publication in the pamphlet form and

invited additions and corrections by any of his fellow citizens, promising that all such contributions should be respectfully attended to. With a single exception none were received. He knew how flint-hearted and unreasonable criticism sometimes is. He knew his own deficiencies. He knew that he had omitted much that others would think ought to have been put in and inserted some things that his friends might think ought to be left out.

Opinions, corrections, municipal, historical and family anecdotes were asked for, but all were withheld. His own essay, therefore, must answer for what he would have preferred to have been better accomplished by others. Upon one subject he has deferred to speak his own sentiments, although they are known here and it has been painful to suppress them. He wished to say nothing of a political nature that would give offence to his friends. Allusions, therefore, to the late atrocious rebellion, and the part taken in regard to it by the citizens of Trenton, which an abler hand is appointed to write out, are not alluded to. The light of truth which such historic details must reflect, whatever their glory or their shame, we hope may have a beneficent influence, and party strife no longer blind any of our citizens from upholding our own municipal interests and that permanent National Union which universal freedom and patriotic principles can alone secure.

To the honor of New Jersey, its first Republican Governor, William Livingston, set the example of establishing Constitutional Union and abolition of Slavery. Alas! that his patriotism and foresight could not have saved our beloved country its sacrifice of blood and treasure in accomplishing Freedom and Union; but Peace, we trust, is about to be the fruit of our dear-bought victories; and now that the twin monsters Secession and Slavery are banished from our American paradise, we hope no serpent will now be permitted to beguile us out of our God-given heritage. For such a fall, with the experience we have had, our first parents might have been ashamed of us,





## PARTING WORDS!

TRENTONIANS! You have an enviable Heritage and a gratifying Record, however unduly appreciated or unworthily reported. You ought to prize them. The deficiencies of the past should be made up in the future. Realize the anticipations of the founders, defenders and admirers of your city, and you will be just to your own character, and your posterity will honor you. But this cannot be done without more union, more public spirit, more pride of your own home, your own State, and your own country. They now average a higher and a happier condition than the common lot of humanity, and with wise appreciation these advantages may be incalculably augmented. The primal basis of our institutions need not be disturbed. They are founded, in massive security, on the Rock of Ages—on Constitutional freedom, virtue and religion which our fathers fitted and joined together, on which to erect an indissoluble superstructure. What that superstructure may be and should be, four words will tell—PERPETUAL IMPROVEMENT to be maintained by POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY. Let this be the progressive principle, and revolutions can never undermine nor overthrow the heritage God has given us, but it must serve to ameliorate our individual and national condition. Let these few heartfelt and encouraging reflections be the writer's "PARTING WORDS." Some of his old friends still live who "welcomed the coming guest," and may still "cheer the parting friend" who utters them. An accidental meeting, an agreeable journey, and a mutually advantageous intercourse, may surely suggest a kind and cordial farewell. Let us all, then, take this familiar, not unmeaning, but heartfelt token of good wishes and good feeling severally upon our lips, and looking in religious faith and hope towards the Western horizon, which so vividly symbolizes life's eventful close, whilst bidding adieu to the Annals of Trenton, unite in wishing each other a cordial FAREWELL!

C. C. H.

*Trenton, August 17th, 1866.*













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